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BY SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQ.

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The Novelist.

HOME.

WHEN a young man, he had been a reformer, and had even cherished Utopian sentiments; but he soon discovered the fallacy of such opinions. A very little reflection, he declared, had convinced him they were erroneous; that the English government was the best which could exist; that all the men in power in Britain and Ireland were very great men; and in proportion as their power strengthened, Sir Robert's admiration of them increased.

It was only before Constantia that his character was unvailed; her connexion with Lady Horndon, gave at all times, such easy access to his house, and he had been so long accustomed to view her as a child, that he was still at little pains to disguise himself before her; especially as he saw that she was not of a disposition to discover, what it was for the interest of her sister should be concealed.

In this respect she did not disappoint him; for tenderness to her parents, as well as to Lady Horndon, made her carefully conceal his failings from every person except Mrs. Almore. To her alone she delineated his character, which she fully penetrated, and considered as odious. Open and undisguised herself; incapable of wounding the feelings of any person, far less of those who were dependent upon her, she could hardly repress in his presence the indignation which his conduct inspired; and nothing but regard for Lady Horndon, made her submit to behave to him with civility.

To conceal her dislike to him, as to avoid the pain of seeing her sister ill-treated, she had for some time avoided going to his house, unless she was either sure of his being from home, or could carry a companion with her; and as this was not difficult, and Elbourne was not so near as to make frequent visiting very easy, she had lately been so much a stranger to his conduct in private, that the impression of it had been in some measure weakened.

By her sister, she was in no danger of having the memory of it revived; for miserable as Lady Horndon was with her husband, she never complained of him. Happily she viewed him in a more favourable light than he deserved. She had married him from affection, and her regard was augmented by her attachment to her children; she was flattered by the passionate fondness he often showed for herself, the true cause of which she did not penetrate; and believed, that if he could govern his temper, his character would be fruitless.

Affection is ever ingenious in varnishing the defects of a beloved object, and Lady Horndon was of a mild forgiving disposition. Her understanding was good, but the perpetual terror she lived in of her husband's temper, had blunted the powers of her mind.

When Constantia arrived at Elbourne, Sir Robert happened to be in good humour, and the day passed agreeably, and next morning he went to a country meeting, from which he did not return till the evening.

A little before his arrival, Lady Horndon, who had been much fatigued with nursing one of her children that was ill, sat down on a sofa, and fell into a slumber. Soon after, being roused by the sound of his carriage, as it approached the house, she suddenly started up—hastily arranged some chairs that were displaced, and adjusting her dress in the same hurried manner, sat down at table in visible anxiety.

Alas! thought Constantia, is this the arrival of a husband!

Sir Robert entered.——'What is the meaning, Lady Horndon,' said he sternly, 'that the hall windows are open at this time of night? In this damp weather, all comfort in the house is destroyed by it.'

'I know not,' replied Lady Horndon, mildly, 'how they have been neglected; the servants are generally very attentive.'

'It is your business to see that they do their duty.'

'I have been much occupied with—'

'I was not asking,' interrupted Sir Robert impatiently, 'how you had been employed; I only meant to remind you, that if you do not attend to your domestic concerns, you must expect them to be neglected. Did you send for Newman, as I ordered?'

'Yes, but he was not at home.'

'When was he expected?'

'Matthew forgot to inquire, but he desired that he might be sent here the moment he came home.'

'And you propose to wait patiently till he comes?'

'What else can be done?'

'Send for another carpenter.'

'No other can do the work so well.'

'I wish, my dear, you could understand how unpleasant it is to hear nonsense.'

Silence now ensued, till it was broken by Sir Robert's saying to Lady Horndon, 'so you don't think proper to tell me how Fanny does.'

'She is better.'

'And as that is agreeable information, you chose to keep it till I extorted it from you.'

Lady Horndon gave no answer but a sigh; a long silence again ensued, and was again broken by Sir Robert, who expressed high admiration of his wife's, and Miss Ornville's taciturnity.

'When you arrived,' said Constantia, 'I was inclined to conversation, but imagined you were not disposed for it.'

'And my wife, I suppose, imagined, that I was in a very bad humour; she has no allowance to make for a man's being tired and disgusted with troublesome business: having nothing to trouble herself, she can form no idea of the irritating things men meet with abroad.—What easy lives some women lead! They know nothing of the hardships men have to encounter: the men especially who are engaged in the bustle of the world.'

'I should think,' answered Constantia, 'that domestic vexations may prey upon the mind as severely as any whatever.'

'True,' replied Sir Robert; 'they may be sufficiently disagreeable, but they fall on men as well as women; whereas the evils I allude to, fall solely upon the former. But you, Miss Ornville, know as little of the world as my wife, and have so fair a prospect before you, that you will probably never be a judge of the miseries of life.'

'I have little confidence in fair prospects,' returned Constantia; 'in a few years I may lose my parents, and then—'

'And then,' rejoined Sir Robert, perceiving she hesitated, 'you will be married.'

'Is marriage the certain road to comfort?'

'I do not say it is; but to you it is likely to prove so, as you have judgment to choose a husband properly, and attractions to secure the means of selection.'

'Who,' replied Constantia, 'could apparently choose more properly than Lady Arcot? yet it is uncertain if her husband's gaming debts will leave her and her children a sixpence. Whose prospects were fairer than Mrs. Pickering's? Yet her husband is drunk every day of his life.'

'And,' said Sir Robert, 'for I will good-naturedly assist you; could the beautiful Mrs. Blight have imagined that her husband would choose to have half a dozen mistresses always at her elbow? But, my dear Constantia, do you not know there were very great faults in the conduct of all these women? Lady Arcot was never happy but in a rout:—Is it then surprising that her husband was tempted to play more than was convenient for him? Mrs. Pickering is so very a shrew, that her husband is glad to forget the sound of her voice over a bottle; and as for Mrs. Blight, it is well known that she encourages a train of admirers;—she has no title to complain of her husband's gallantry.'

'Which of them first led the way?'

'Perhaps he did, but that is no apology for her; the improprieties of her conduct must encourage his. It is the duty of a wife to overlook the failings of a husband; a pru ent one will know it is the only way to reclaim him. Were Lady Horndon to take offence at every little sally of my temper, which she knows means nothing, do you think we should be the happy couple we are?—No, no, Miss Ornville, when you speak of bad husbands, be so good as to remember there may be such a thing as a bad wife.'

Constantia found the subject too delicate to be carried farther, and endeavoured to turn the conversation into another channel.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning, as the family were sitting down to breakfast, Sir Robert asked Lady Horndon, in an authoritative tone 'why Edward's hat was lying on the table?'

'I suppose,' answered she, 'he left it here, when he came in from his walk'

'I'll teach him to find another place for it,' cried Sir Robert, with an inflamed countenance; 'Eliza,' continued he, turning to his daughter, 'call Edward.'

Edward soon appeared.

'The next time,' said his father, giving him his hat, and a blow on the head, 'that I find your hat here, I shall punish you severely.'

Edward started on receiving the blow, and uttered an involuntary cry, upon which Sir Robert struck him repeatedly, saying he would not indulge him in so foolish a trick as crying.

Lady Horndon turned pale, and Constantia observed her tremble, while Sir Robert continued long to declaim on the troublesomeness of children.

At length Lady Horndon ventured an observation in their favour, to which Sir Robert bluntly replied, 'It is a very great pity, my dear, that you are a fool.'

Constantia could with difficulty refrain from expressing the indignation his behaviour excited; but, the fear of rendering her sister still more unhappy by her interference, made her suppress her resentment, and content herself with attempting to stop his invectives against the children, by asking if he thought beating the most effectual mode of correction.

'I believe no other is of any avail,' answered Sir Robert.

'Your friend Vyvian is of a very different opinion; he finds well judged deprivations much more efficacious.'

'Deprivations are a tedious, troublesome mode of correction; 'tis impossible to remember always at the moment necessary, what deprivations would be proper;—besides, I am persuaded the fear of a rod is the only thing to keep a spirited boy in awe.

'Mr. Vyvian says, the most troublesome boy he ever had, on whom flogging had no effect, was easily subdued by solitary confinement.'

'Vyvian is ridiculously fond of his children; he locks them up, I suppose, to save himself the pain of flogging them, and as soon as they have whimpered a little, he will open their cage from mere indulgence.'

'You mistake him: In the management of his children he neither indulges their feelings nor his own. He believes one of the most essential requisites in educating them well, is steadiness of conduct; the power he exercises over them, is therefore regulated by his reason; and

though gentle, is absolute. They consequently never presume upon his indulgence, and are led to reap at once instruction and satisfaction from his kindness: but he particularly disapproves of corporeal punishment, because it debases their spirit and deprives him of their affections."

"Pho! they never mind it."

"If they do not mind it of what use is it?"

'I mean,' replied Sir Robert, peevishly, 'it does not affect them so much as to make them dislike the person who inflicts it.'

'In many instances,' said Constantia, 'I have known it estrange entirely the affections of children from their parents; in some it has this effect immediately; in others, it arises afterwards on reflection.'

To this observation, Sir Robert made no reply; and Constantia saw from his countenance, it was full time to drop the conversation.

She soon after withdrew to her apartment, where she had not remained long, when she heard a gentle tap at the door, and her nephew John, a fine boy of seven, begging to be admitted.

She immediately opened the door, and taking him by the hand, asked what he wanted.

'I want only,' replied he, 'to sit with you; I want to be away from Papa, who has beat me.'

'Why did he beat you, my love?'

'Because I was making a noise when he was speaking.'

'Why, my dear, did you make a noise when Papa was speaking?'

'I was only singing; Papa was standing behind the hall-door, speaking to Gregory, and I came through without observing he was there,—but Papa beat me, because he was angry at Gregory; one of the horses is lame, and it has made Papa angry with every body.'

The innocent countenance of the body, and the tears which bedewed his cheek, affected Constantia; Sir Robert's mean and cruel exercise of his power over his helpless children, outraged her feelings, while it excited the most gloomy apprehensions for its future effects on their mind and character. Their situation was sufficient to embitter every moment she passed in his house, but his harsh and insolent behaviour to his wife affected her still more deeply; and made her anxiously revolve in her mind various schemes for the relief of Lady Horndon.

The rest of the day nothing material occurred, and the two following passed quietly; but this calm Constantia hardly felt a blessing. The state of fear, in which Sir Robert kept his family, seemed to her scarcely less miserable than the moments in which they were actually suffering from the violence of his temper. The anxiety with which they laboured to avert his displeasure, seemed to deprive them of all power of enjoyment, while it did not secure them from his wrath; for his anger was so often without cause, that it was impossible to guard against it.

When he was absent, if his wife and children indulged a little cheerfulness, the sound of his foot was the signal of alarm, and threw them immediately into embarrassment and terror; when he was present, the lowring of his countenance was like the gathering of clouds which foretel a dreadful storm.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE last evening of Constantia's stay at Elbourne, she was sitting alone in her apartment, when she heard lady Horndon come up stairs, and go into her dressing-room, which was the room adjoining. A few minutes after Sir Robert followed, and entered into conversation with her.

Constantia could not hear what was said; but, from the sound of their voices, it was evident that he was displeas'd, and that she was endeavouring to appease him, in mild and supplicating accents. In a short time, she heard Sir Robert raise his voice in a very passionate tone, and Lady Horndon give a scream.

Constantia could no longer keep her seat; she instantly rushed from her own room into her sister's, where she found her pale and trembling:—on her entrance, Sir Robert brushed hastily by, and went down stairs.

Constantia addressed Lady Horndon in the tenderest manner, and intreated to know what had distressed her.

Lady Horndon pressed her hand, but seemed unwilling to speak.

'My beloved sister,' said Constantia, 'I hope Sir Robert has not'—her voice faltered.

Lady Horndon understood her, and answered, 'No: his manner only frightened me, and I gave an involuntary cry.'

'My dear Fanny,' said Constantia, folding her sister in her arms, 'forgive my saying you are wrong, very wrong to submit to such treatment.'

'What can I do?'

'Leave him.'

'Leave him!—leave my children!'

'Oh!' cried Constantia, with a deep sigh, 'why did you not leave him many years ago?'

'Sometimes I regret I did not—but alas! Constantia, at seventeen we little know how to conduct ourselves in difficult situations.'

'But you must still separate, unless you can oblige him to govern his temper; you cannot continue in this misery.'

'He cannot govern his temper, my dear; it is naturally bad.'

'Does he show any ill temper to me? Does he even treat the meanest servant in his family in the manner he does you? ——No;——the cause is obvious; he knows they would not submit to it. When Sir Robert married you, had he been assured you could and would leave him, if he used you ill, he would never have given you occasion to think of it. Propose separation even now, and you will see an immediate change in his conduct; for you are too necessary to his peace, and the welfare of his children, to permit him to part with you.'

'He would never forgive the proposal.'

'He has too much sense not to forgive it, if made in a proper manner. Does he not know how patiently you have submitted to his temper? How vain your intreaties and remonstrances have been, and that you can have nothing to hope, when you still meet with such usage, after your life has been for almost thirteen years uniformly devoted to his happiness?'

'If I could leave him, ought I to forsake my children, whom he will never relinquish? When he uses them ill, I wish to bury them and myself in the grave; at other times, I am willing to suffer any thing for their sakes.'

'For their sakes, if not for your own, you ought to seek the means of reforming him. If you do not, their spirits will be broken, and their talents lost: a state of fear ruins the mind. Do not imagine I could desire you to sacrafice their interest to your own ease; far from it:—for a good purpose, I would have you submit patiently to any suffering; but, in your case, I am persuaded submission is injurious to your children, as well as to yourself: it is even hurtful to your husband; for it allows him to indulge a temper which is the ruin of his peace.'

'I believe there is too much truth in all you say; but what would our friends think of my leaving him?'

'That you did right.'

'They would never believe that I had cause for so strong a measure: there is no example of separation in such circumstances.'

'Few, I fear; I say fear, because the necessity for such separations certainly exists, and examples might be useful.'

'It is not for me to set the example, who have but one distress to complain of.'

'It *is* for you to set the example, if that single distress renders you miserable. It is not surely by the number, but by the

weight of misfortunes, that misery must be estimated. Your suffering so much from one, may evince the necessity of separations where women have many to contend with. What inhuman treatment of wives have I seen, which would have ceased, had the law provided for separations.'

'Such provision, Constantia, might lead to separations which ought not to take place.'

'There is no institution, my dear Fanny, which may not be liable to abuse; but it might save many amiable women from undeserved misery, and lessen the temptation to separation, by improving the conduct of married people.'

'But since the law does not oblige Sir Robert to provide for me, if I leave him, how can I throw myself a burden upon my father?'

'How can you speak of being a burden on your father? Your misfortune, indeed, would afflict him, but pecuniary considerations could have no share in his concern.'

'He would undoubtedly condemn my leaving my husband, when so many women, more unfortunate, submit in silence to their fate.'

'The women who do so, may not have such kind fathers to protect them, or such exemplary conduct as yours to secure them from reproach.'

'Can I expose the father of my children to reproach?'

'It will be unnecessary; the merely proposing separation will reform him. But do not mistake me; I cannot wish you to practise the smallest insincerity, and do not therefore follow my advice, if you have not resolution to adhere to it, should my sanguine expectations be disappointed.'

'If I durst trust in them——'

'You have the utmost reason to do so; for, independent of your importance to Sir Robert's happiness, he values his reputation a great deal too much, to let it be known that he was such a tyrant as to oblige so good a wife as you to leave him.'

Lady Horndon appeared to yield at length to Constantia's reasoning, and promised she would at least deliberate well on what she had said, and endeavour to benefit from her advice. She expressed, in very ardent terms, the consolation and support which her sister's kindness had always afforded her; while Constantia assured her, in the most affectionate manner, that she should ever feel it a happiness to have the smallest opportunity of contributing to her peace.

Constantia now ventured to hope she saw some prospect of an alleviation of Lady Horndon's misery; and, under this impression, she passed the rest of the evening in greater tranquillity than she had felt at any time since the first day of her arrival at Elbourne. Sir Robert behaved uncommonly well; and, from the expression of his countenance, she was led to hope he felt some contrition for his conduct.

CHAPTER IX.

A few days after Constantia's arrival at Elbourne, she received a note from her father informing her of Lord Woodford's departure, and requesting her to return home; but at the earnest solicitation of her sister, she consented to remain with her some days longer.

The morning fixed for her return to Ornville was welcomed by her with much joy, but the regret she felt in leaving Lady Horndon, made her anxiously endeavour to prevail on her and Sir Robert to accompany her, and pass some days at the Abbey. Sir Robert would not consent, upon which Constantia entreated that they would at least spend one day with her father and mother, as it was long since they had met; but Sir Robert was not in a humour to go from home, and as he never chose to be in his own house without his wife, he would only permit her to convey Constantia to Ornville on condition she should return before dinner.

On their arrival at the Abbey, they found Lady Ornville alone, and it was so seldom that she saw lady Horndon without company, that she earnestly requested her to pass the day at Ornville.

Lady Horndon assured her, it would give her particular pleasure to do so, but that she had promised to Sir Robert to return before dinner, and knew he would be so uncomfortable in her absence, that she could not think of disappointing him.

'I must then,' said Lady Ornville, 'admit your apology; and I hope it will have some effect in making your sister more inclined to matrimony, than she appears to be at present. Who can be an infidel to conjugal happiness, when they see a man after being twelve years a husband, unable to pass a day agreeable without his wife?'

Lady Horndon turned to her sister to hide the rising tear, while the latter made a slight answer to her mother, and diverted the conversation to other topics while Lady Horndon remained.

After her departure, Constantia feared that she should find her mother's spirits depressed by her disappointment about Lord Woodford, and not, perhaps, without displeasure at her abrupt departure; but her fears were quickly removed by Lady Ornville's expressing much joy, unmixed with reproaches, at seeing her again at home.

'You took the best way, my love,' said her mother, "to relieve us all; though at first I was a little uneasy at your unexpected disappearance, I was soon convinced that it was the wisest plan you could pursue. Your brother ceased then to torment himself and me, and Woodford was prevented from cherishing expectations, which could not be realized. —It taught me too your importance, Constance; for it is long since I passed a week without you before; and I now find that separation from you would be very painful.'

These expressions took a weight off the mind of Constantia, which had hung heavy upon it; and she expressed much gratitude for her mother's kindness, with renewed regret for the disappointment she had occasioned her.

'My dear child,' sain Lady Ornville, 'let us think no more of what is past; I should certainly have rejoiced if you could have been happy in marrying Woodford, but I am now sensible I should have been a sufferer by it: you are the only one of my children now left me; and melancholy indeed should I be without you.'

Constantia's joy was extreme, in seeing her mother restored to peace, and in finding herself once more in tranquillity at Ornville. The painful state of mind in which she had quitted it, and the society of Sir Robert Horndon, made her feel delighted in being again peacefully at home. The goodness of her father she had always admired, but after a week passed with Sir Robert, he appeared to her angelic, and she could not look at him, or her mother, without feeling her heart fill with tenderness and delight.

Every object at Ornville appeared to her with new charms; and there was hardly a chair, or table, which she did not greet as old friends, whom she rejoiced to meet again.

Ornville Abbey was a venerable pile of Gothic architecture; it was founded in the thirteenth century for Monks of the Cistercian order; was surrendered in the sixteenth, and soon after granted to Sir Humphry Ornville. Much of it was now in ruins, but a part remained entire, adjoining which a house had been built by the Ornville family, which, though it corresponded externally with the venerable remains of the Abbey, was adorned within with all the elegance of modern taste.

The Abbey was extremely admired as one of the most beautiful relics of ancient grandeur, and could not be seen with indifference by any person of taste or feeling. It inspired that elevation of senti-

ment,—those sublime, but melancholy ideas, on which contemplative minds dwell with enthusiasm.—It was placed in a situation which showed it to the utmost advantage. Near it the aged oak appeared, to vie in grandeur with the walls of the Abbey, rising in all the beauty of Gothic architecture; and the surrounding scene was rich in natural beauties, on which the eye dwelt with delight.

Constantia wandered eagerly over all her favourite walks, and scarcely passed a tree or shrub without apostrophising it.—It was now the end of May, an enchanting season, suited to give full play to the delightful flow of spirits, with which she was animated. Hitherto she had thought herself happy, but the peculiar satisfaction she now experienced, made her exclaim,

'Alas! by some degree of wo,
We every bliss obtain;
That heart can ne'er a transport know,
Which never felt a pain."

CHAPTER X.

CONSTANTIA had passed a week delightfully at Ornville; when one morning, the weather being fine, she took a ride to Ramsgate, and stopped at B———'s library to get a novel for her mother.

On entering the library she saw no one in it, except a gentleman, who seemed earnestly engaged in looking at some landscapes, which laid on a table.

Though not a professed disciple of Lavater, she seldom saw strangers without seeking to enlarge her knowledge of human nature, by some observation of their features; her attention was thus attracted to the gentleman, whose side face only she could see; but, on her advancing, he turned, and discovered a countenance uncommonly expressive.

Her attention was, however, quickly withdrawn from him, by observing his eyes earnestly fixed upon her. It was not the unmeaning stare of idle or impertinent curiosity, but the inquiring look of an intelligent mind, conscious of powerful attraction.

Constantia turned over some books which laid on the counter, and then asked the shopman for Hermsprong, or Man as he is not?

She was told it was not at home, upon which the gentleman advancing, and pulling a book from his pocket, begged she would permit him to offer her Hermsprong?

She politely declined his offer, but he persisted in intreating her acceptance of it; declaring that he had only taken Hermsprong from finding it lying on the counter.—'Here,' continued he, taking up Delves, a Welch tale, 'is another, which I dare say, will please the lady, who sent me hither for a novel, equally well.'

'I cannot think,' said Constantia, 'that the lady will be pleased with so simple a tale.'

'Pardon me,' he replied; 'to the admirers of nature, and simplicity, I am told that it has charms; and what charms are more powerful?'

'None, to an uncorrupted mind,' answered Constantia.

'If you, Madam,' said the gentleman, laying hold of the landscapes he had been looking at, 'are an admirer of the sublime and beautiful in nature, permit me to show you these landscapes, which appear to be admirably delineated.'

On looking at them, Constantia found they were most beautiful views in Switzerland; and her attention soon became fully engaged in admiring them, and conversing with the gentleman on the subjects to which they naturally led, on all of which he discovered much intelligence and taste.

After a considerable time had been spent in this manner, she recollected that she had encroached too much on his time; and after apologizing for her inadvertency, took leave.

He attended her to the door, assisted her to mount her horse, and followed her with his eye, as long as she was within its reach; which she discovered by turning her head towards him, at the moment she was about to lose sight of the spot on which she had left him standing.

Constantia found herself interested in this stranger. She thought she had never seen a man, whose countenance and manners were more prepossessing, or whose conversation was more agreeable, and she earnestly wished to know who he was. She lamented the little probability there was of her ever seeing him again; for it was evident that he had not come to Ramsgate for health, and that he was probably one of those strangers, who come to it for a few days or weeks, and the period of his stay was possibly at a close; at all events, she could have little hope of meeting with him again.

She admitted this idea with reluctance. How seldom, thought she, do we meet with a congenial mind!—This stranger expressed my sentiments better than I could do myself; every look, every word from him, was impressive,—every sentence he dropped, was just what I could have wished to have said.—How powerful is sympathy! I think myself already well acquainted with this stranger; yet, I shall, probably, never see him more,—never even know by what means to inquire his destiny!

She wondered who the lady was that had sent him to the library,—perhaps his mother or sister;—possibly his wife; yet there was something in his manner, which led her to suppose he was unmarried. Her imagination figured the lady in a thousand different forms, and whoever she was, she thought her fortunate in the acquaintance of such a man.

She was so much absorbed in these reflections, that unmindful of the time, she suffered her horse to walk at its own pace till he stopped at the Abbey, when on looking at her watch, she found the afternoon was far advanced, and upon inquiring of the servants, was told the family were at dinner.

CHAPTER XI.

ON entering the dining-room, Constantia found several guests with her father and mother; Mr. and Mrs. Basset, who were neighbours; Mrs. Almorne; Sir Esmond Anson, her father's nephew; and her eldest brother.

Her arrival seemed to give joy to every one of the company except Ornville, who affected not to see her; but his neglect was amply compensated by the pleasure she felt on seeing Mrs. Almorne, and Sir Esmond, whom she loved as a brother.

Mr. Basset finding that she had been at Ramsgate, asked if she had seen many strangers there?

'Only one, Sir,' she replied.

'Only one!' exclaimed Mr. Basset, 'that is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of! It was but yesterday that Mr. Dormer told me that Ramsgate was full of company.'

Constantia blushed at the absence she had betrayed, and endeavoured to repair it, by saying, 'she believed it was; she recollected there was a crowd.'

'You believe,' said Mr. Basset, smiling, 'you recollect there was a crowd;—after that it will be needless to inquire who the stranger was that you saw; you could not probably recollect whether he was black or brown,—tall or short,——Eh!'

Sir Esmund, desirous to relieve her from the evident confusion which this speech threw her into, begged to know what book she had brought into the room with her!

'Ay, Constance,' said Lady Ornville, 'tell me what you have got. I hope it is something good.'

'I know little more of it, Ma'am, than the name,' answered Constantia.

'What is the name?' asked Lady Ornville.

'Hermsprong, or Man as he is not.'

THE NUN,

Or, Memoirs of Angelique;

A TALE.

INCLOSED for life in the deep cold bosom of a convent, why should I take my pen to state the fatal cause which condemned me hither, since with me this paper will most probably sink into oblivion? But it may survive me; it may meet the eye of some parent less determined than my own, in whose heart nature is not entirely petrified. Some trembling female may in future be saved by it, and that possibility shall be my inducement.

My ancestors several ages back were noble; but some of them marrying into Bretagne, lost most of their consequence in their own province by blending with a species of nobility who do not think commerce disgraceful. My father was the younger son of an *ecuyer*, who by the courtesy of Bretagne was styled Seigneur; and though my grandfather's late ancestor had neither held public employments nor possessed a patent of creation, yet we looked upon ourselves as one of the best families in that province, or even in Normandy, being descended from the ancient lords of Vitre, and having quartered time out of mind the arms of several houses who had mingled with the blood-royal. My father did not, however, retain that unbending pride which had characterized his remote ancestors. He seriously applied himself to the acquisition of that, to which nobility itself as frequently obliged to give way, and being successful in his commercial undertakings, he was soon without any of the hopes or fears of younger brothers. Emboldened by a long run of good fortune, he one year risked an immense venture to the West Indies, and at the time when he hoped to hear of its safe arrival, he was informed by his correspondent there, that a dreadful storm had arisen, and the little fleet was supposed to have been destroyed, as no account had since been heard of it. This intelligence put my father on the rack, and the apprehension of its proving true, combating the hope that it would be found false, his mind became dreadfully disturbed. Sometimes, when despondency prevailed, he would accuse the cruelty of that Being who could suffer a wretch to toil away half his existence, and bury the production of his industry in a moment. Again, when Hope gained the ascendency, he would promise, if his ships arrive safe, to offer up his favourite child, myself, then seventeen, to the sole service of that Omnipotent Deity who had preserved the fruits of his labour.

Let the soul of sensibility conceive, if possible, the situation of a filial mind made under this suspence; conceive its misery when told, that love lurked in the heart, and united with native abhorrence to stir up rebellion to such unnatural sacrafice. A young Ensign of the Artillery was the friend to whom my heart was opened: he was my cousin and my lover, and from infancy we had been partial to each other. He waited with anxiety, which only my own could equal, the confirmation of my father's hopes or fears. This young man, but a few years older than myself, was lovely in his person, and a most pleasing address. His intellectual merit was universally admitted, and his heart was sincere, benevolent, and liberal. We had been destined by our parents for each other, and had often lived in the same house with that degree of familiarity which is apt to exalt simple approbation into a warmer sentiment, even in minds where time or disappointment have quenched the romantic ardour of a first love. For hearts like ours, still new to the passion, and still fastinated by its influence, yielding to it in the beginning with the sanction of our friends, and confirmed, irrevocably confirmed, by their continued approbation, what must we feel at seeing the axe thus laid to the root of our happiness by those very hands who pointed out where we should plant it.

[To be Continued.]

REMARKABLE DEATHS.

In the short space of little more than three months, the greatest statesman, the greatest admiral, and the greatest general belonging to the British nation have died, viz. The hon' W. Pitt, lord Nelson, and the marquis Cornwallis.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1806.

The Legislature of the state if New-York, have refused to interfere with the case of Francisco Son, the Portuguese, now under sentence of death. for murder. He will therefere, be executed on the 28th of the present month, pursuant to his sentence.

The Senate have agreed to the execution of Stephen Arnold, 15 to 11.

Fire.—On Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock, a fire broke out in a building in Pearl street (New-York,) between Burling and Beekman slips occupied by Benjamin Reid, as a Book and Stationary Store. It was got under without any other injury than consuming the roof of the building.

A fire broke out in Boston on Thursday, the 13th inst. at the north end, and on the east side of Battery-March street, and before it was extinguished, burnt six or seven valuable buildings.

For the Repository.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Warren's Night.

An endeavour to impress on the public mind a just sense of the indefatigable exertions of this gentleman, may be considered superfluous; we cannot, however, though we are confident the public justly and deservedly appreciate his services, withold from him the merited tribute of just eulogium: as manager, placed in an arduous situation (to fill which no man is more competent) he, to an urbanity of manners, peculiarly pleasing, adds the essential qualities of attention and industry, both of which he strictly enforces the observance of, by precept and example: as a performer, whether in the facetious FALSTAFF (in which he stands unrivalled) or any of the multiform characters he personates, in many of which he is *great*, in all *correct* and *pleasing*; we would indeed be hypocritical, did we not acknowledge his just claim to the award of public commendation and candid assert

"Reddere personæ scit convenientia ciuque."

H

March 17.

MACBETH.

The managers having engaged the "American Roscius" to perform for a few nights, the town assembled at an early hour to greet Mr. Cooper's appearance in the arduous character of Macbeth. That he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the audience is true, but that he evinced the same energy and correctness which distinguished Mr. Fennell in the personation of Macbeth, cannot be said. He, indeed surpassed all we ever witnessed in the loud and frequent rant. If Mr. Cooper would endeavour to subdue his propensity to *roaring*, he might be attended to with pleasure, but as he *acts*, he disgusts all good judges. The subordinate characters were generally well *executed*.

March 19.

THE GAMESTER.

Mr. Cooper's Beverley merited all the encomiums bestowed by the audience: and on no occasion have we been better pleased with Mr. C. than this eveningr The residue of the characters acquitted themselves tolerably. R.

MARRIED

At Norfolk, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Grigsby, the gallant Capt. *Stephen Decatur, jun.* of the United States' Navy, to the accomplished and much admired Miss *Susan Wheeler*, only daughter of Luke Wheeler, Esq. mayor of that borough.

On Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Schaeffer, Mr. *George Taylor*, to Miss *Eliza Holby*, both of Bristol Township, Philadelphia County.

DIED.

In this city, on Snnday the 16th inst. in the 68th year of his age, Gen. *Thomas Proctor*. On Tuesday following his remains were interred in St. Pauls Church yard, with Military Honours.

After a short illness, on the 7th inst. at his farm in Cumberland county, in the 56th year of his age, *Andrew Galbraith*, Esq. an old revolutionary officer of much merit.

On the 25th ult. *Alexander Fowler*, Esq. Brigadier general of Allegheny county militia. His corpse was interred in the Episcopal Burial ground, the day following, with Military Honours.

At Washington City, on the 18th inst. Major General *James Jackson*, of Georgia, an old and distinguished revolutionary officer, unsurpassed as a man of courage and intrepidity as a soldier, for unsullied and stern integrity as a citizen, and as a statesman.

His remains were interred with all the respect due to distinguished worth.

At Portsmouth, (N. H.) on the 3d inst. the Rev. *Samuel Haven*, D. D. in the 79th year of his age. And on the 5th, Mrs *Margaret Haven*, his consort, in the 60th year of her age.

At Boston, the Hon. *Benjamin Austin*, aged 89.—Capt. Daniel Merry, aged 49.—Miss Hannah W. Loring, aged 23, youngest daughter of Mr. Israel Loring, formerly of that town.

NEW THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, MARCH 24.

HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Hamlet - - Mr. Cooper.

Ophelia - - Mrs. Wignell,

To which will be added,

A Favorate Farce, in 2 Acts, called,

RAISING THE WIND.

Didler - - Mr. Jefferson.

Now in the Press and speedily will be published

BY SAMUEL KELLY & JOHN SWEENY,

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST;

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

Embellished with a handsome engraving of the Author.

IN MINIATURE.

To be Printed in two Volumes, in the same stile, and to correspond with Thompson's Seasons lately published, and will be delivered to Subscribers handsomely bound in boards at 62½ cents per volume, and in sheep and lettered, at One Dollar and Fifty Cents; and bound in Calf or Morocco, at Two Dollars.

Subscriptions received at this Office.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Editors,

Many *elegant pathetic* poems have lately appeared in the papers, addressed to "*My father*," "*My mother*," "*My sister*," "*My brother*," "*My uncle*," "*My aunt*," "*My grandmother*," &c. &c. In humble imitation, permit me to address

MY BOOT.

PROP of my limbs, and body too,
To thee, what praises are not due;
I owe thee blessings not a few,
My boot!

A friend thou'st been to my crook'd shank,
Thou mad'st it look genteel, thou lank,
And hid'st my ancle, large and crank,
My Boot!

A friend thou'st been in my distress,
For when no hose I did possess,
Thou hid'st my poverty— I bless
My Boot!

Did summer's fervid heat abound,
And dust lie deep upon the ground,
In thee my leg a refuge found,
My Boot!

Or did the rain in torrents flow,
For me thou brav'd'st them as a foe,
And safely bor'st me to and fro,
My Boot!

Or did the cold freeze up the stream,
And nature as an ice house seem,
Thon kept me warm—a friend I deem
My Boot!

Or did the snow with water join,
To damp, or wet my foot, combine,
Thou kept me dry—thou most divine,
My Boot!

In thee, fair STELLA's heart I won,
Thou glitter'd like a black ball sun,
Borne me to rapture, or to fun,
My Boot!

But thou art old, thy strength is gone,
Thy very member's rent and torn,
By age, and usage, quite forlorn,
My Boot!

Yet thou shalt see some happy days,
Around thy brow I'll weave some bays,
Thou hast my gratitude and praise,
My Boot!

In some fond niche, thee will I place,
Where I can look and view thy face,
And call to mind thy worth and grace,
My Boot!

By thee old dirt-brush shall be laid,
By shee old ball-brush shall parade;
And ease and quiet shall pervade
My Boot!

FOR THE LADIES.

The shape alone let others prize,
Or features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, a snowy arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win;
Give me the animated form,
That speaks the mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move;
An angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses fade.

A BURLESQUE IMMITATION OF ENCHANTED PASTORAL.

'TWAS morning, and Mary arose,
Her stockings and garters put on;
Instinctively follow'd her nose,
And walk'd with her back to the sun.

She smil'd and the woods were illum'd;
She sigh'd, and the vales were depress'd;
She breath'd, and the air was perfum'd;
She frown'd, and saw nature distress'd.

She noded, the trees noded too;
She murmur'd, and so did the rill;
She wept, and the evening dew
Fell in tears on the neighbouring hill.

She step't, and fair flowers sprung up;
She blush'd, and the rose look'd more red;
She was hungry, she went home and supt;
She was tir'd, and so—went to bed.

EPODE.

By Sir William Jones.

WHAT power, beyond all powers elate,
Sustains this Universal frame?
'Tis not nature, 'tis not fate,
'Tis not the dance of atoms blind,
Etherial space, or subtle flame;
No; 'tis one vast Eternal Mind,
Too sacred for an earthly name.
He forms, pervades, direct the whole;
Not like the microcosm's imag'd soul,
But provident of endless good,
By ways not seen nor understood,
Which even his angels vainly might explore.
High their highest thoughts above,
Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Mercy, Love,
Wrought in his heavenly essence, blaze an l soar.
Mortals, who his glory seek,
Rapt in contemplation meek,
Him fear, Him trust, Him venerate,
Him adore.

A SONG.

Was I right or was I not?

WAS I right or was I not,
Tell me girls, and tell me true;
You I mean who've husbands got,
Was I wrong to do so too?
No—I'm sure to die a maid
Ne'er was ment to be my lot:
Hymen call'd and I obey'd,
Was I right or was I not?

When the youth that pleas'd my mind,
Told his love in language sweet,
Could I see him fond and kind
Sigh and languish at my feet?
No, no, no, it was in vain,
Frowns and threats were quite forgot,
Soon at church I eas'd his pain,
Was I right or was I not?

This I know, a single life
Never was design'd for me:
No, no, no, 'tis naught but strife,
That you surely will agree;
Girls get married—that's your plan,
Cupid will assist the plot:
Then, like me, secure your man—.
Was I right or was I not?

EPIGRAM.

From his revels nocturnal returning one night,
The graceless Tom Rednose in bacchanal plight,
Ran foul of a sign post, clang fast and 'gan bawl,
"*United we stand, but divided* I *fall.*"

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